The Bystander, December 18, 1918. No. 785. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

"THE NEW CONTEMPTIBLES"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15.
SECOND EDITION of "BOX O' TRICKS!"
Produced by ALBERT DE COURVILLE.
HARRY TATE, Etc. The Hippodrome Beauty Chorus. Gerr. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.20
Programme for week commencing Monday, December 18.
MAX DAREWSKY, J. W. RICKABY, T. E. DUNVILLE, LAMBELET'S VALLEY, SAM BARTON, ELSIE SOUTHGATE, LILIAN BYRNE, MAZUZ AND MAZETTE, KARL HERTZ.

ADELPHI, STRAND. (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY"
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Nellie Briercliffe, C. M. Lowne, W. H. Rawlins, Peter Gawthorne.
Second Year. EVENINGS at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

APOLLO ('Phone: Gerrard 3243.) EVENINGS at 8.
The Successful Musical Comedy, "SOLDIER BOY"
Matinées, Tues., Frids., and Sats., at 2.30 Box Office 10 to 10.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production, 2ND YEAR.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, AND José Collins.
EVENINGS at 7.45. MATINEES, TUES. and SAT., at 2
XMAS ARRANGEMENTS.—BOXING DAY till Jan. 1, TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45.

GLOBE (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LOHR.
Every Evening at 7.50. Matinées, Weds., Sats. and Dec. 26.
NURSE BENSON.
By R. C. CARTON and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.
MARIE LOHR, FRED KERR, LOTTIE VENNE, DAWSON MILWARD.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032). A WEEK-END.
New Farce by WALTER W. ELLIS
(Author of "A Little Bit of Fluff.")
EVENINGS, at 8. MATINEES, Tues., Fri., Sats., at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. FAIR AND WARMER.
FAY COMPTON, Dorothy Dix, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and DAVID MILLER.
"THE BEST LAUGH IN LONDON."—*Vide* Daily Papers.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

Principal Office: Nos. 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket;

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway train, public omnibus tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder.

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle, or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are of the essence of the contract viz.:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 16th day of December, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 25th day of December, 1918.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....
This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (vià Panama) or by Orient Line.

For particulars of Sailings, apply P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Please support these efforts for the sake of the Men who have WON VICTORY for us.
The many branches of WAR WORK of

THE CHURCH ARMY

WERE NEVER MORE NEEDED THAN NOW, including many hundreds of
RECREATION HUTS, TENTS AND CENTRES
at home and in France, Belgium, Malta, Italy, Macedonia, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa, and India; also in the occupied Districts of Germany and in demobilisation Ports and Camps.
HOSTELS
for men on leave (Buckingham Palace Hotel and others), returned prisoners of war, limbless men, wounded, convalescents, discharged men, soldiers' clubs, information offices in military centres, training farms, &c., &c. None of these can be closed for many months to come.

Please contribute towards UPKEEP; cheques being crossed "Barclays a/c, Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.
(*The Church Army War Funds are registered under the War Charities Act, 1916*).

The Sketching job!

One of my Pupils was invalided a little while ago. Shortly after, his work stopped coming in. I wrote asking why. Here's his reason:—

"Why I have discontinued Lessons? The reason is I have as much as I can do working out commissions these days. I have lately sold three drawings to 'Punch,' four to the 'Passing Show,' and several more to Cassell's and the 'Windsor.' My success is largely due to your introduction and training, for which I thank you most heartily."

Can You Sketch?

Drawn by a Soldier Pupil of the Press Art School.

When they slip their Khaki, a fair proportion of my 1,000 and more Army Pupils will take up the Sketching job for good. Whether you are interested in Drawing as a Career, or merely as a pleasant Hobby, I would like you to send for my

TWO FULLY ILLUSTRATED DRAWING PROSPECTUSES FREE

They describe my two Postal Drawing Courses. Old Pupils have illustrated them with numerous examples of their work taken from "Punch," "Bystander," and the leading Topical Publications.

The **Preparatory Course** teaches Sketching from the very rudiments in a pleasant, easy way. This is for the raw Beginner.

The **Advanced Course** is for the Student already able to Draw. Its teaching converts ordinary work into *saleable work of character.* (Many of the leading Illustrators learned their Technique through this Course.)

Prospective Pupils are asked to note particularly that the Courses are Postal. They teach Original Drawing—not Copying. Pupils of either sex can start at any time, study anywhere, and work at their own speed. Fees are paid by easy Instalments. There are no binding Clauses whatever. You can cease whenever you wish without any liability for uncompleted Lessons or Fees.

If you send a copy of this Pupil's Sketch, or an Original Drawing (preferred), I will forward you a helpful Criticism *and* my two Prospectuses quite Free. A postcard alone will bring you both Prospectuses. Write to me personally:—

PERCY V. BRADSHAW, Principal,
THE PRESS ART SCHOOL,
(Dept. B.67), Tudor Hall, FOREST HILL, S.E.23

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Canadian Official Photograph

ENTERING GERMANY

General Currie leading Canadian troops across the frontier

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

In or Out?

THANK heaven the elections are over. Their dullness was due to the twin facts that the electors had little enthusiasm and the candidates were strongly cut down in expenses. The colour splashes on the walls which delighted the printers and bewildered the voters (according to plan) will never come back. When an election agent is cut down to fivepence a head, it is barely possible to raise more than an occasional cheer. Now we shall wait with a mild interest for the declaration of the polls. For the candidates this interval of a fortnight will be very trying. Many of them will be recalling their orations and attempting to assess them in terms of votes. They will be striving to find ground for the hope that after all they may just have struggled home.

The Great Uncertainty

IN the old days electioneering was reduced to a science. Not only could the skilful agent with the aid of the canvas return tell one definitely whether one had won or lost, but he could forecast to some twenty votes or so the number of a majority. One of the great London newspapers had an amazing election correspondent. He was never known to be wrong in the actual winner, and several times in one single year gave the exact majority. Nothing of that sort will be achieved in this contest for it is full of cross currents and deep, silent, underground movements. The woman's vote alone must upset all calculations. As for labour—it is uncannily quiet and is certainly very busy. Many men who consider that they have been beaten to blazes will find themselves on top after the count.

The Breathless Count

THE candidate's optimism will thrive on his Christmas port. Many a politician will be beaten when he sits down and find a thousand majority as the decanter goes round. But even to an almost certain winner the counting has its sensations and alarms. When the rival bundles of ballot-papers race level one sees one candidate mopping his head in one corner while his opponent affects impossible unconcern in the other. Many make a practice of preparing a victory as well as a defeat speech, and I remember a Cornish M.P. who so utterly lost his head that he stammered out the wrong one; and that was the only amusing thing that happened in his campaign.

The Future of Labour

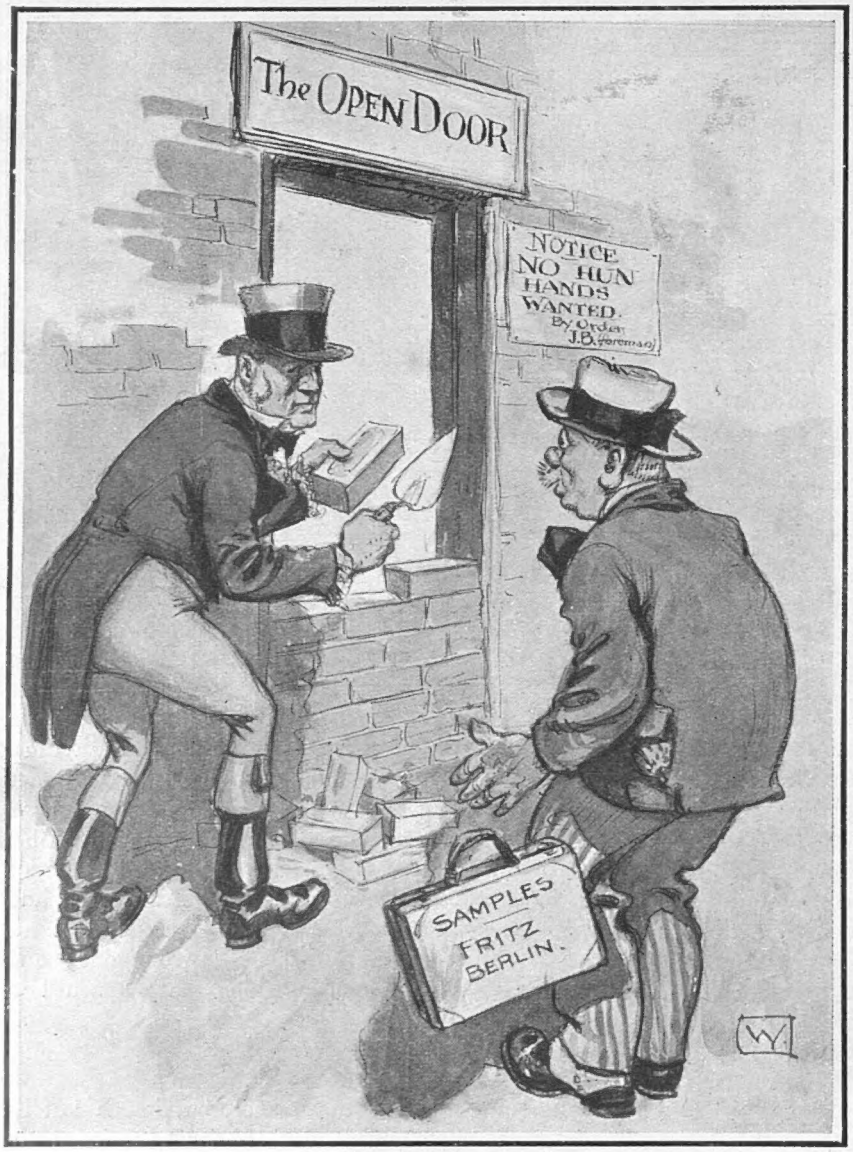
LABOUR will mark an advance, but it has lost its great opportunity. The Labour Party need not expect to win general confidence until it purges itself of a number of its present leaders. Macdonald and Snowden, only to mention two of them, have a record that is unsavoury to men and women who love their country. And these men are the Labour spokesmen in the House and in the country and the dominant wire-pullers in the Labour caucus. Of course, the remedy is clear. If patriotic workers are in a majority in the Labour Party, they can turn these men out. But first they must make the Party democratic. At the present moment it is autocratic and the closest of close corporations so far as executive power goes.

Things Urgently Needed

LONG before Parliament meets the strongest action possible must be taken to keep our ports of entry

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

securely sealed against the alien flood that is ready to sweep in. They will all be Swedes or Swiss, of course—oh, will they?—but we do not want them, and we shall never forgive this or any other Government that betrays us in such a way. Amongst other things that must be tackled instantly is the release of certain classes other than "pivotal." If our manufacturers and merchants are to make the first assault on overseas markets their depleted staffs must be immediately reinforced. Assistant managers and men in similar positions are of the utmost value to the country just now, quite apart from their worth to their own firm.



RECONSTRUCTION
Laying the first bricks

Will it be Christmas?

AFTER missing four celebrations, we really must make an effort to revive Yule customs and Yule fare this year. A Christmas without currants and spice would be very unconvincing, and it is to be hoped that such a tragedy of sorts may even yet be averted. Then there is the matter of things in bottles—most important this! Everyone knows that there is as much whisky in the country as petrol. Is there really any reason why both should not in plenty be now released? The belief gains ground that the Liquor Control Board is continuing the agony quite unnecessarily, and that some of its members are gratifying their bigoted prejudices rather than serving the nation. I can foresee serious trouble when the House meets if the correct course be any longer deferred.

Beg Pardon!

THE ladies' vote has brought with it into our midst a new social trap for the unwary. You will meet a charming lady and in all innocence ask her how she enjoyed the experience of voting for the first time. And then she will wither you up with a cold, devastating look and say that she is afraid you are making a mistake. You will, in fact, have distinctly implied that you have taken the lady to be over the age of thirty, whereas she has probably been no more than twenty-eight for some years past. And if she cuts you dead at your next meeting you will only have yourself and the suffragists to blame. Confound their politics!

Aeroplane Travellers' Views

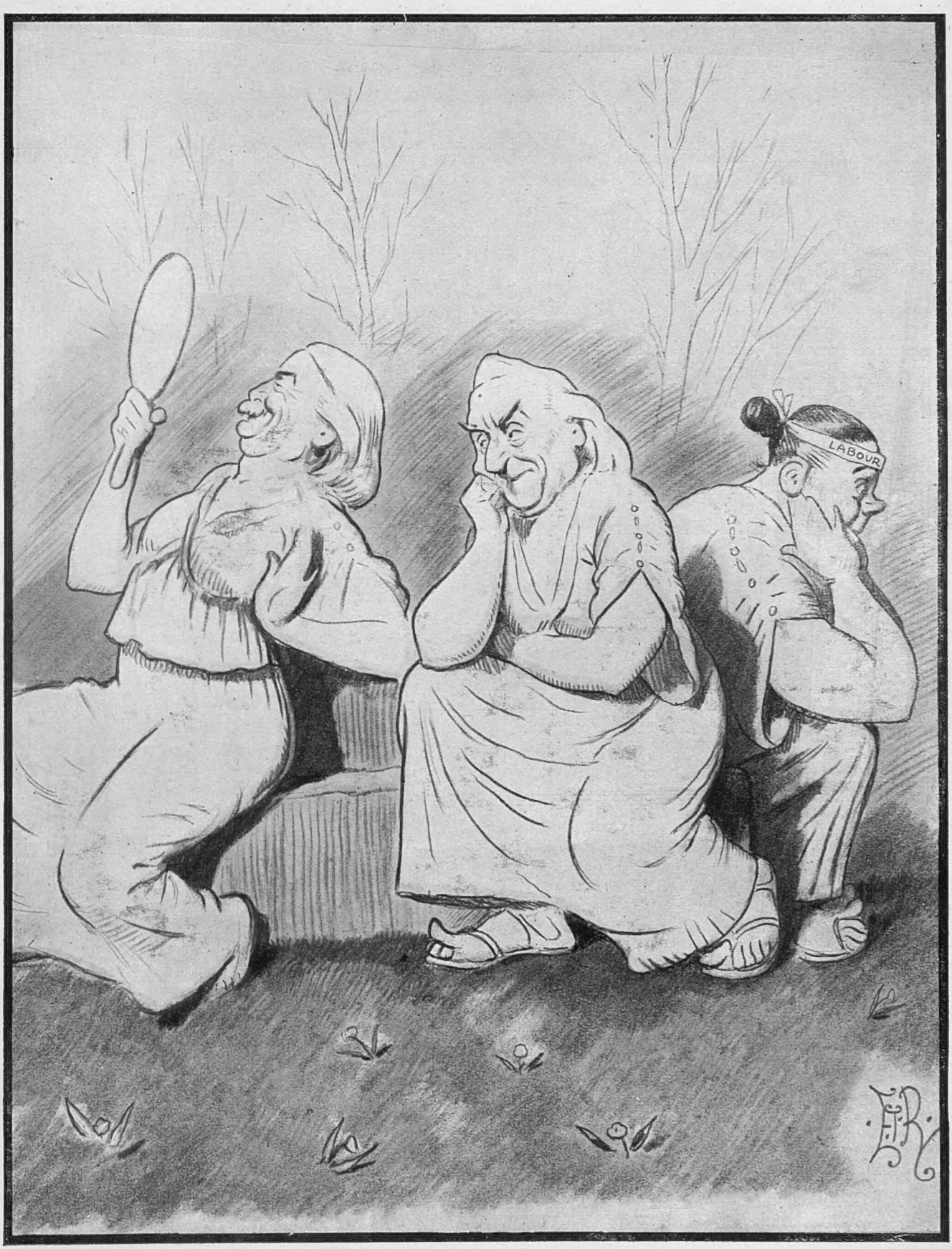
THE new air-'bus, which is to put a girdle round the earth in only a little more than the time-limit proposed by Puck, will certainly supply us with a new point of view. Passengers for France and Italy are already booking their seats; and the rest is but a question of time. A little jest of the old days made a simple lady inquire of a traveller, newly returned from Italy: "And is it really shaped like a boot?" Under the new system of travel such a question may not be so extravagant.

"Wanted"

THE ex-Kaiser's advocates are beginning to come forward with reasons as to why he cannot properly be extradited from Holland. According to these specious pleaders, the authorising of submarine murders and bomb-dropping are only political offences and there is, therefore, no guilt for them on the Kaiser's soul. We have it, however, on the authority of Ambassador Gerard, that the Kaiser was prepared, if necessary, to "kill all the English Royal Family."

Continued on page 514)

Awaiting the Verdict



A PATHETIC SCENE

These three hapless goddesses, rivals in the Great Electoral Beauty Competition, have now to wait, in a condition of agitated anxiety, *until December 28*, before they hear to whom the fateful apple has been allotted

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

This criminal insolence may seem to the Germans to be merely "political," but it seems to us to afford an additional reason for dragging the beaten bully out of his sanctuary and delivering him to justice.

All-round Candidates

THE qualifications of candidates for the Parliamentary suffrage must necessarily be many and varied, and Sir John Norton Griffiths recently had the good fortune to be able to add to their number. He called upon the wife of a soldier on a vote-collecting expedition and found the lady complaining that she was tied to the house on account of the baby. Sir John thereupon very kindly offered to mind the baby for a while, and in return was promised the vote of the grateful mother. In future election contests, we may take it, therefore, candidates will not only be required to give the usual political pledges, but they will be expected to announce that they are experienced in dressing the children and are fully competent to do a day's washing if required to do so.

Sartor Resartus

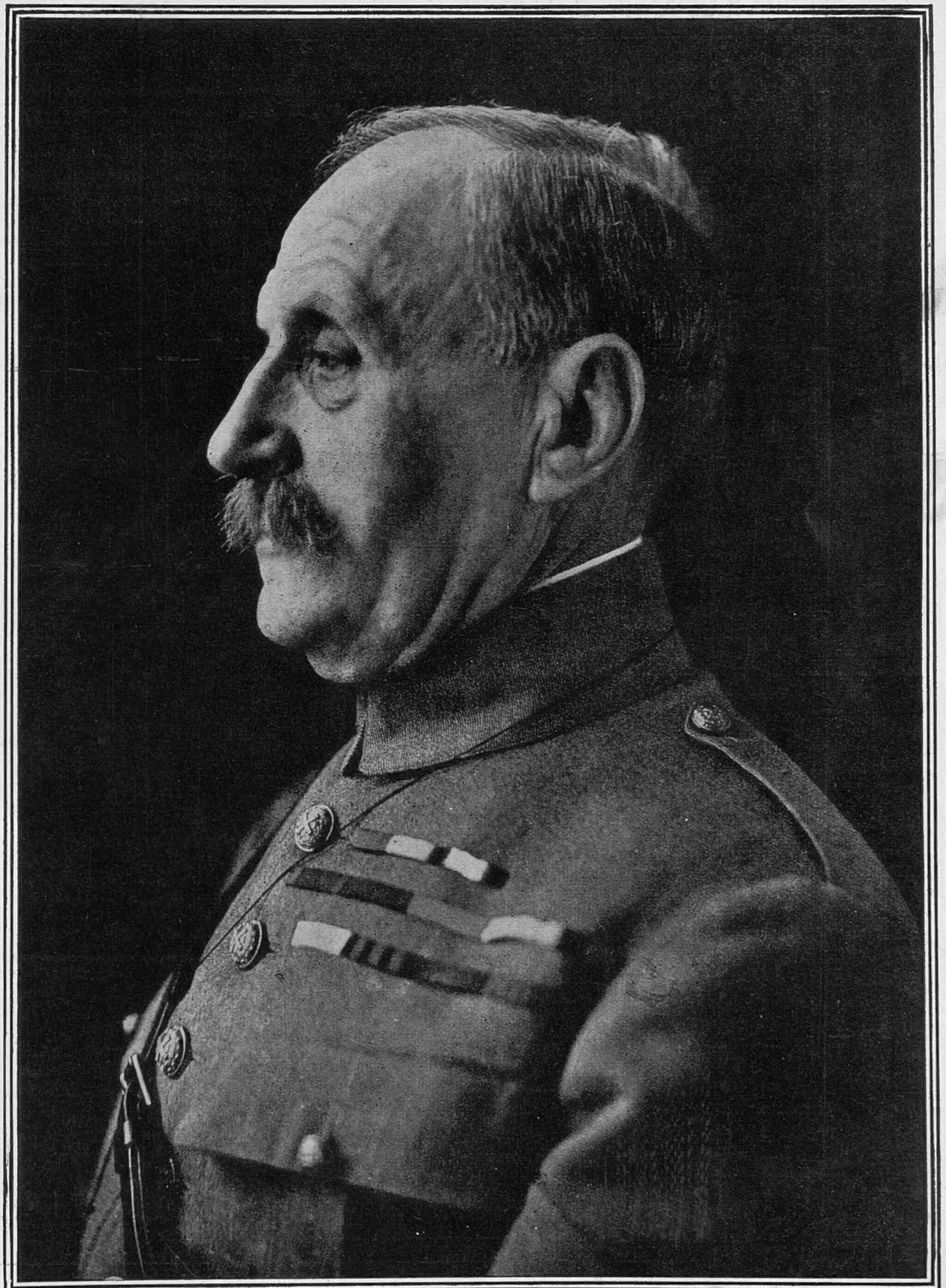
THAT the washtub and political ambitions are in effect closely allied would seem to be demonstrated by the latest development of affairs in the Duchy of Brunswick, where a washerwoman has been appointed as Minister of Education. The Bolsheviks, who are in authority there, have evidently made all their preparations in advance for the figurative process of washing their linen in public. The President of the State was formerly a tailor. He has presumably been appointed on the strength of his traditional experience in rendering long-standing accounts.

Official Photograph

WELCOME HOME!

Sir Douglas Haig arrives home on the 20th inst., and it is to be hoped that political chinwagging may give place to a little flagwaving in honour of the man who has commanded the victorious British Armies in France

The "Organiser of Victory"



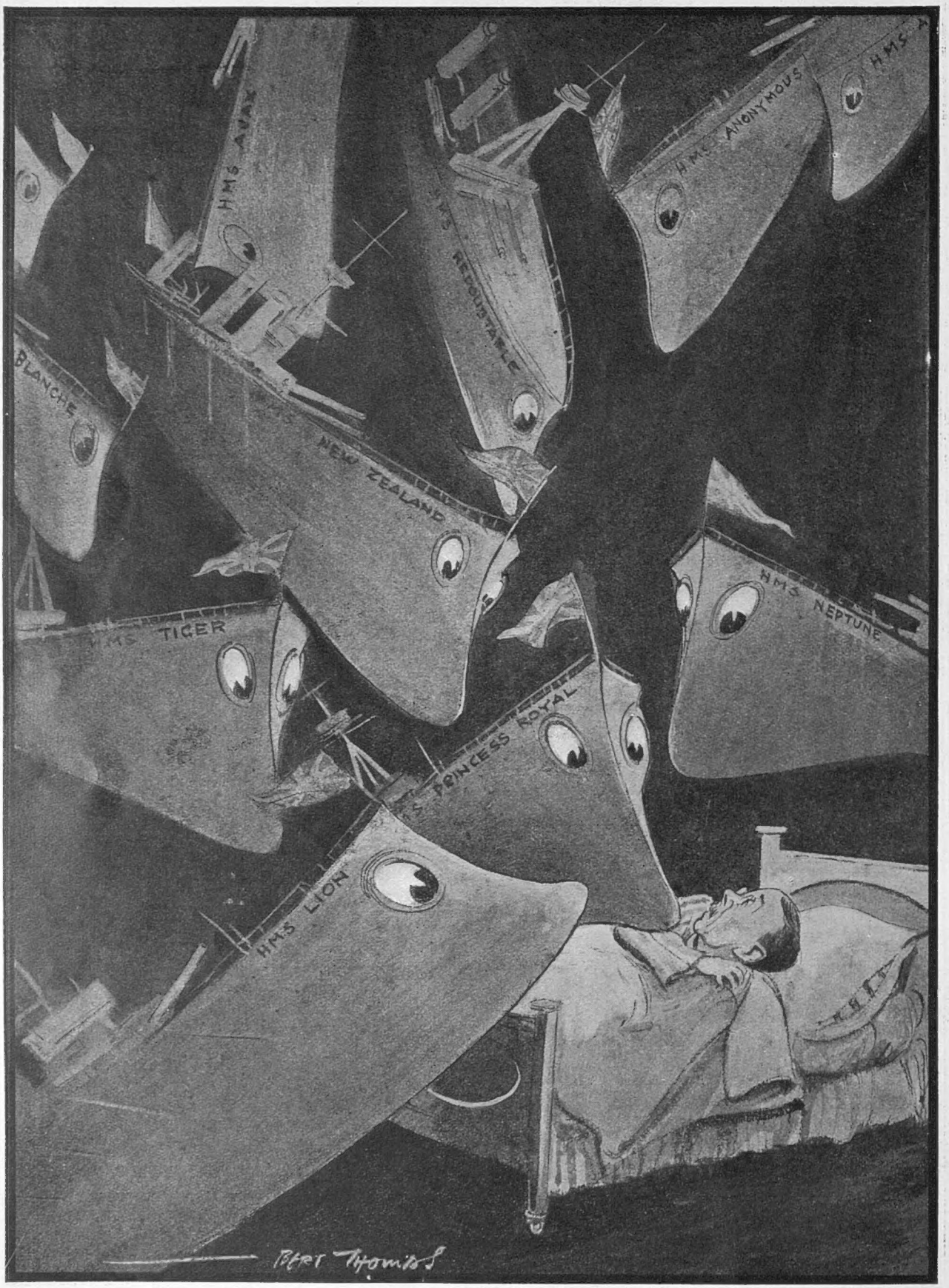
Photograph *M. Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.*

MARSHAL FOCH

The man who answered the question: "Can Germany be beaten in the field?"

An exclusive portrait taken during his recent visit to London

Anything but Silent this Time



Horrible nightmare of the unfortunate editor of a popular weekly who published a photograph of British ships which the photographer had described as being German. The editorial post the morning after was bigger even than that of the "man who won the war"—during election time

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 16, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

AFTER such an infinity of distinctly dem'd dull dud ones, *very* determined, seemeth, are our brighter spirits that Christmas this Christmas shall really *be* Christmas. We have, they think, clear cause to celebrate, if not to carouse. And though elections come and elections go here in England now, there's no denying "that Christmas feeling" already subtly permeates and pervades—insidiously insinuating itself at the most unexpected moments; cunningly undermining industry; intriguing housewives; and creating clear chaos in the minds and manners of the still very young and hopeful.

卐 卐

IT is unescapable. Even Dora wilts and patently wobbles in the enervating pre-Yulish atmosphere. Also Blanche. Owing to the delightful persistency of both the Services in sending me, on charming cards, love, kisses, and the compliments of the season, even my chastely sober Georgian mantel-shelf rapidly assumes a raffish, rakish, Christmas-is-coming air.

卐 卐

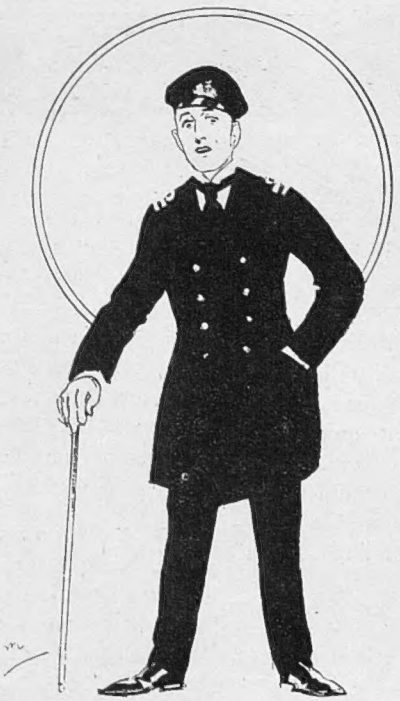
AND for the same reason, even the dragon dogs—usually so sublimely and aristocratically aloof from the more pedestrian doings of the little grey home in the West they royally deign to inhabit—find life a brighter business. On Missus's breakfast tray there's these days *such* a glorious pile of extra crisp envelopes to be chawed up.

卐 卐

AND in all the *best* houses, of course, the air reverberates with joyful and pleasing chop-chop-choppings from the kitchen. Currants and spice and such things nice are to be "released," you see, for the occasion. Also, for Christmas week, a quarter of a pound per head of sugar. Also petrol—for those plutocrats who can still motor *and* pay more than double for everything. And the lifting of the ban on buns and the like is good news even for the least greedy. For we're really very weary of eating rather bad sawdust for tea.

"The Englishman, taxed to the limit and mercilessly plundered by the profiteers, has lost the habit of saving"

AND inside the shops the Christmas debauch of spending going stronger than ever. The Englishman, taxed to the limit and mercilessly plundered by the all-powerful profiteers, has lost the habit of saving. It's really a little difficult, you know, when a sovereign's worth less than ten shillings. And also a somewhat futile proceeding when if one thing *is* more certain than another it's that what *you* save the *profiteer* will pocket. Poor old England! How nice if we *could* have a Government that really governed.



"Please, Blanche, don't let this armistice business interfere with your weekly letters"

卐 卐

APROPOS, what a revel of personal remarks a general election is, isn't it? Positively a carousal of saying the things that aren't, in polite society, said. And I greatly fear the entry of woman into politics hasn't made the thorny path of the political candidate any *less* thorny—eh, what? You see, with their usual cussedness, women are actually taking politics *seriously*. And worse, they fully intend to be *really* represented in Parliament by the candidate they vote to represent them. Perfectly ghastly look-out for the future M.P., isn't it?—I mean, to have really to *earn* his £400 per year *and* to represent his constituency!

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

BUT it's truly been a positively pathetic sight—the spectacle of even some of our really brilliant politicians, like Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Asquith, at the mercy of the woman heckler. The ex-M.P. found flight the better part of valour, and left almost alone with nearly three thousand of the creatures at Dundee, without even his wife to support him, even our rare Winston—soldier, sailor, and what-not—was so severely nonplussed as plaintively to ejaculate: "Ladies, ladies, I am *only* a man! I am not an encyclopædia!"

卐 卐

SO tiresome for them, isn't it? For the things the women wanted to know, you see, were *such* dull, plebeian, unfirework-y, ordinary, everyday, domestic ones. Will you believe me, not one in a million cares two pins for, say, Welsh Disestablishment or, indeed, *any* of the things that, as any real politician will tell you, *really* matter? Instead, she's keenly concerned about such side-issues as profiteering, pensions, punishment for Huns, pure food, clean houses, education, and similar smallnesses. Dear, dear, dear, the old order is indeed passing!

卐 卐

REMINDS me, from beauteous, beguiling, silk-stockinged, *crêpe de Chined* Whitehall clerkettes down to the bawling, bounding "boy"-hunting, coney-coated "munitioneer," one and all, demobilisation's their present fate. I'm afraid we're *very* sorry there's no more war, some of us, for never again I fear, or not till the next war, anyway, will the fearsome flapper from Peckham *or* the patriotic patrician earn for making tea and learning to typewrite as much—and often more—a week as the skilled and educated woman, in pre-war days, with difficulty squeezed from authority, even at the top of the tree.

"Answered to the master and not to the mistress for her shortcomings"

卐 卐

ONE and all they must eat humbler pie—and one and all, too, it's probable, lead duller days! It's been a horrid war, of course, but lor! *hasn't* it given the girls a chance? From the quiet backwaters of farm and parsonage and suburb and school they've come, to be dashed in one wild moment into the great world of men and money and affairs—with plenty of work as a corrective, perhaps, but all the same it's been a heady mixture.

卐 卐

IN hundreds and in thousands they're now at a loose end, and in hundreds and in thousands they're refusing, with scorn unutterable, the one industry that's got its doors wide-flung—domestic service. People *pray* for parlourmaids, scour Britain for kitchen maids, hunt for housemaids, sometimes in wild, unfettered moments, *dream* of "generals"; and when, if ever, they get anything, pay it wages rather more than double what our soldier men for four and a half long years have fought and died for.

卐 卐

IT'S positively the *impasse* of the century. What fame awaits the woman who'll somehow bring 'em into touch—domestic employer and domestic employée. And, of course, if it *could* be wangled that the lady who washed your plates answered to the *master* and not to the *mistress* for her shortcomings, or what not—well, guess *that'd* settle the matter.

卐 卐

APROPOS, it's a very kind, nice, complimentary sailor man who's just written to me: "Please, Blanche, don't let this *rotten* armistice interfere with your weekly letters to the lonely of all ranks and ratings. They've been such a comfort during the war that if they were to stop because of peace I'd try and stir up another war to-morrow—just to keep you going."

卐 卐

IT'S this same sailor man, by the way, who wondered, as he watched the wonderful German ships in fallen majesty entering Scapa Flow, "how any nation, even the cowardly Hun one, could have so far humbled her pride as to surrender such ships without even one final sortie. I don't think we *could* have done it, not under *any* conditions."

卐 卐

PERFECTLY positively certain we couldn't. And that reminds me, everyone who's anyone, both men and women, are fairly fighting for passports for Paris, for "the Inter-Allied Conference on Peace Preliminaries" will open in Paris this week, one reads; but the Peace Conferences are not expected to be over before May. What on *nearth* have they got to talk about that'll take all that time? I really can't imagine, not with the best of intentions.

卐 卐

NOW, you know, I guess, me and, say, Haig and Foch and Beatty could have drawn up some *quite* good peace terms for the hateful Hun in a much shorter time. But then, of course, we're not states men, are we?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Wisdom of Bill

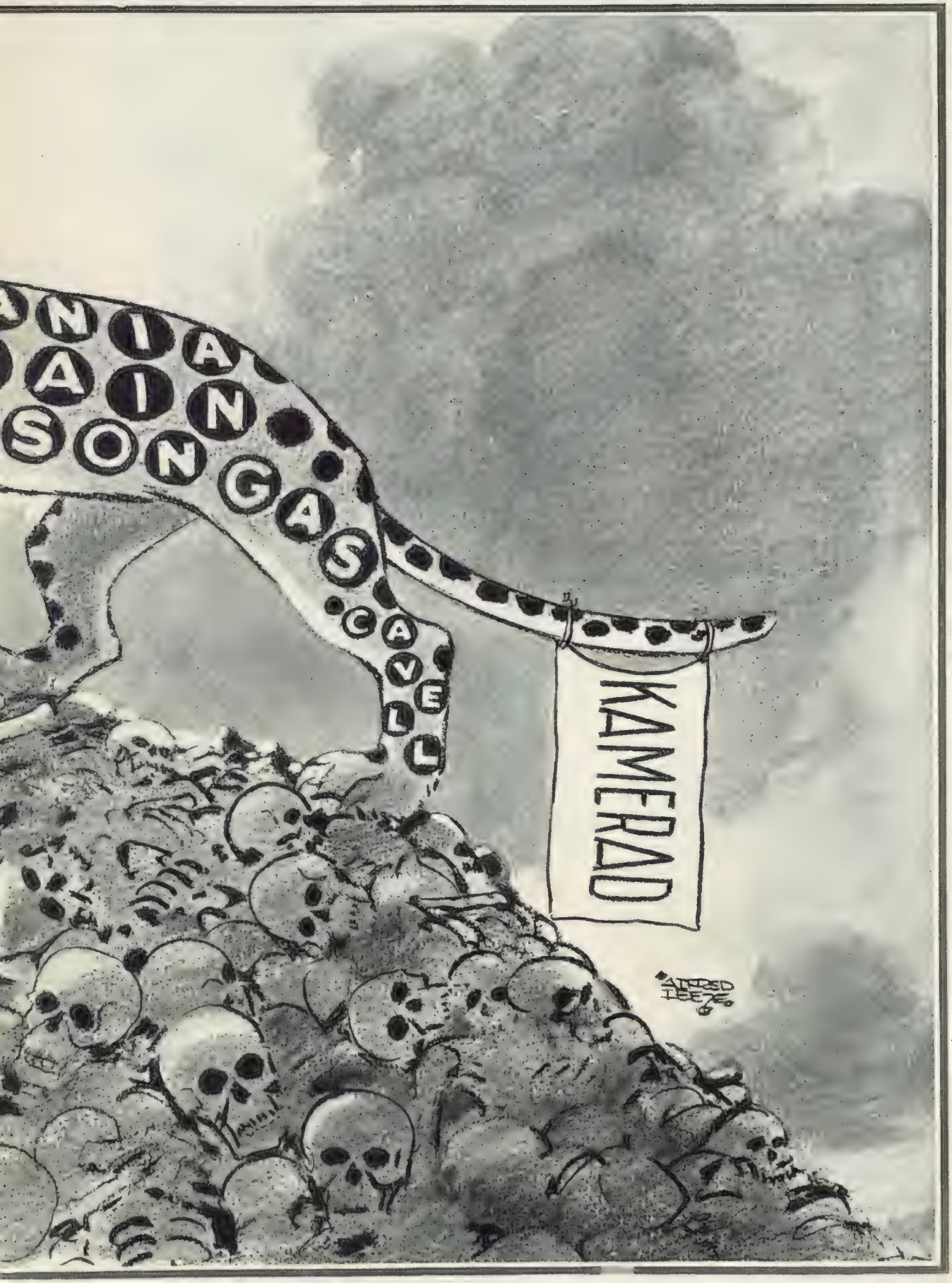
"Stick yer 'at pin into Douglas, Maggie. I've known them things go off before now!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

It is

CAN THE LEOPARD

Written



CHANGE HIS SPOTS?

Snipped by the Scissors

IN REAR OF THE VICTORY MARCH

A few notes from a sketch book at the back of our rapidly moving front

The Gallant Forty-Five

VII.

In which we help you all we can
To be a little gentleman.

"LEAVE pending commission" is of the elastic order. Either you are hurried off to your unit at the end of a week,-or it is a month before your name appears in the *Gazette*. In the first case you have barely time to assemble your kit. In the second, you are sick with apprehension lest the War Office has forgotten you.

During my compulsory holiday, I was tortured with thoughts of a leaderless platoon running to seed on old army lines—ruined for want of a strong right hand to guide it in the way it should go.

My only refuge during this trying period was that monumental work of reference, "Pips for Young Cubs," which fits the embryo officer for his exalted station. From its pages I gathered that one did not drink out of one's Commanding Officer's glass; pick one's teeth with a fork, or put one's fingers in the jam dish.

"In mess," said the writer, "one behaves exactly as one would do in one's own home."

And ours is a democratic army!

On one other point, my mentor was uncomfortably explicit. "The young subaltern," he said, "should, above all things, be careful not to get into the wrong set in mess. Such a course will inevitably result in financial ruin and ignominious dismissal from the Service."

"Good God!" said I, handing the book across to my Aunt Julia.

She laid down the Balaclava helmet which she was knitting and put on her reading glasses.

"My dear Anthony," she said, "it seems very excellent advice. What possible objection can you take to it?"

"Objection! My dear Aunt!" I exclaimed, "Every possible objection. Just imagine what a frosty time I am going to have if I happen to be the wrong set!"

. . . . . .

"And where," said I, "shall I find my platoon?"

"Ah! yes, of course, your platoon," replied the Adjutant of my new unit; "how careless of me. I had quite forgotten."

He shouted to an orderly who, in turn, shouted for the Orderly Room Sergeant. In the Army everybody shouts for everybody.

The Orderly Room Sergeant entered.

"Tell me," said the Adjutant, "how many platoons have we in the battalion?"

"Sixteen this morning, sir. Haven't counted 'em since, sir," replied the Power Behind the Throne.

"And how many officers?" inquired the Adjutant.

"One hundred and forty-seven, sir," was the reply.

"Thank you, Boggett, that will do," said the Adjutant.

"Sixteen platoons," he continued—"sixteen platoons and one hundred and forty-seven officers—at present. Twenty more arrive to-morrow. One hundred and forty-seven into sixteen won't go. I'm sorry, but it isn't our fault."

"No platoon!" I gasped incredulously.

"No platoon," echoed the Adjutant. "Report to Mr. Maltravers at nine o'clock to-morrow. Good evening."

. . . . . .

Such was my first introduction to that abomination of desolation known as the Officers' Class. I don't know that anyone is to blame in particular, unless

"Just imagine what a frosty time I'm going to have if I happen to be the wrong set"

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*continued*)

it be the Kaiser for not killing off our young subalterns a little faster than they are turned out by the Cadet Schools.

Some things are worse than death, and—

The Officers' Class is one of these.

. . . . . .

Let me explain how it works.

After successfully dodging death for two years in the line, a young soldier is recommended for his commission, returned to Blighty, and sent to a Cadet School. There, for a period of four months, he is crammed with knowledge in much the same way as a Sussex "higgler" stuffs chickens for the tables of the rich. If there is no immediate vacancy for him in France, he is ordered to report to a reserve battalion, there to await further orders.

And then the trouble begins.

Nobody wants him. There is no room for him in the mess. There is no work for him on parade. Often there are as many as fifty of him cooling their heels in the ante-room.

Something has to be done. Young officers cannot be allowed to run wild. Much against his personal inclinations, let us hope, the Commanding Officer forms an Officers' Class.

A senior officer—one who can best be spared from his company—is placed in charge. Usually, he has seen less service than any member of the class. In all probability he has never been on active service. He tries to keep on top of his job by a rigid insistence on small details with which he is familiar. He works entirely by the book, with all the slavish pertinacity of the inexperienced.

After a wretched period of probation, the young officer receives his orders for France.

Everyone is glad to see the back of him.

And he is glad to be gone.

Farewell, most faithful friend of men,
I will forget you—now and then.

My commission cost me my best friend. For more than twenty years he has shared my sorrows and my joys, and in all that time we had never had a cross word.

I do not refer to my rifle.

I had not been too gentle with him. I had pushed red-hot hairpins into him and I had hit his head against the grate scores of times. Never once had he complained.

And now we were to part.

There was a touch of snobbery about the business that annoyed me. We might meet in private; I might even bring him to the mess; but we were not to be seen together in public.

How could I possibly hope to retain his friendship on those grounds? Surely, if he was good enough for the hearth he was good enough for the High Street! You cannot draw distinctions between the parlour and the promenade where friendship is concerned.

It took me a long time to accustom myself to the new restrictions. "Come along," I would say, "let us take a stroll down town and give the girls a treat." And off we would start, as happy as a couple of sand-boys.

Only once did he play me false. We were swinging round the corner by the chemist's shop, when we ran full tilt into the Colonel.

"Evening, Bennett," said the Colonel, pleasantly.

"Evening, sir," I replied, shoving my best friend into my pocket.

"Makes you sorry you can't smoke," went on the C.O. "Always miss my pipe these fine nights. Ridiculous restriction—no pipes in public. Don't you think so?"

I began to feel hot. The Colonel rambled on about things in general and the more he talked the hotter I became.

Finally, I became so hot that I decided to pull my best friend from my pocket and risk the consequences; otherwise I should have been burned to death as I stood.

I have never smoked a pipe in public since, and—

That is how I lost my best friend.

"I began to feel hot"

Alas! How many a slip you see
Between the soup and savoury.

STRANGE how one man's virtue becomes another man's vice.

Little Baxe has been a teetotaller all his life and we love him for it. Maltravers does not drink, and the mere idea of the thing makes us squirm.

There may be good reasons for this invidious distinction.

Baxe has other human weaknesses to fall back upon and Maltravers has none. Maltravers is in charge of the Officers' Class and little Baxe is not.

Anyhow, Maltravers is a wash-out and deserved all he didn't get. Listen!

It was guest night, and the President had done us all proud. The tables were smothered with flowering asparagus and carrot tops. The patent lamp was working—for a wonder—and the M.O.'s camp-stove—patent applied for—had forgotten to smoke. (The night being warm we had decided not to light it!) And there was trifle!

(*To be continued next week*)

More Interesting than Elections Even

GREAT CROWDS OF ALSATIANS WELCOME THE FRENCH TROOPS AS THEY ENTER COLMAR

French Official Photographs

FRENCH CAVALRY PASSING DOWN THE PONT NATIONAL AT THE ENTRY OF THE FRENCH INTO STRASBOURG

Compared with the question whether "a" League of Nations as advocated by Mr. Bloggs, the candidate for Muddleton, or "the" League of Nations, as claimed by his opponent, is the more likely to save humanity, the above occurrences seem very trifling, but may, perhaps, be worthy of a little attention.

REPATR

RIATED!

BY BERNARD HUGH

Women's Way with the Vote

SOME IMAGINARY SKETCHES AT THE POLL

"JOLLY JACK TAR"

AT THE PRINCES'

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is, apparently, the nautical equivalent of the famous "Better 'Ole," and the pictures of the splendid dash and pluck of the Navy have been painted with a very thick brush. This, after all, is as it should be, for it is, of course, chiefly due to the Navy that England stands where she did, and all that sort of thing. The story is told in three tableaux and ten scenes; and so that there shall be no waiting between the sensations, the story is carried on here and there by motion pictures while the scenery at the back is being licked into shape.

THE show begins very properly with a definition of terms. It is, for instance, all about the sea, therefore the first scene is a motion picture showing people what the sea is like. I recognised the rolling waves at once as I have so often stared at them glumly from the side of an unruly ship, waiting for the worst to happen. Having, as it were, postulated the sea, it next becomes necessary to introduce the Navy. There is nothing like playing with all your cards on the table. The first tableau is about Drake and the immortal game of bowls he played some years before he was "slung atween the roundshot in Nombre Dios Bay," as Newbolt cheerily sings. Drake's friends, Hawkins and Frobisher, and all that lot, are with him, and he has just, as it were, potted the red, when in rushes Ben Bartimus to say that the Spanish Armada is positively on view in the offing or somewhere thereabouts. Ben laughs delightedly as he breaks the glorious news; and when remonstrated with for his mirth in the hour of his country's danger, he observes, in the best declamatory style, that there is no danger for us because England has never been and never will be beaten on the sea. You could have heard the cheering for miles.

WHILE the second tableau is being prepared a motion picture takes up the wondrous tale and shows us Drake in his best clothes being introduced to Queen Elizabeth, and telling her his recipe for smashing

Armadas into matchwood. Of course, he doesn't say "How's your father?" or anything like that; but you can see they are on friendly terms already; and Good Queen Bess generously admits that she has to thank Drake for adding to her power very considerably. By this time the scenery has been changed to the year 1800, and we see Nelson and his jolly Jack Tars disporting themselves on Plymouth Hoe, while Drake's statue looks down on them approvingly, confident that they will uphold the best traditions of the Navy that he did so much to establish. And then we go on per motion picture to Nelson's journey to his flagship in Portsmouth Harbour in 1805, and his death in Trafalgar Bay where, as is well-known, they saw the Frenchmen lay. It seems almost a pity, with eggs at their present price, that—but we must not treat a great subject in the spirit of frivolity.

BOB STARTS HIS HONEYMOON AT AN AWKWARD TIME

THE third tableau brings us to the present day, and it is at this point that the story really begins. We have been introduced to the sea and the glorious record of the Navy in the past; and it is required to show that Admiral Beatty's little lot will compare favourably with the men of Drake and Nelson. The hero of the drama is Ben Bartimus, a lineal descendant of the man of the same name in Tableau 1. Ben knows exactly what a sailor on the stage is supposed to be like, because he says, in fine, unctuous tones, every now and then, "I believe ye, my boy!" just as Rignold used to say it at the Adelphi years ago. The first thing that Ben and his friends do is to have a wedding party in honour of Bob Merry and Jennie, a sailor and his lass, and in the midst of the joyous hilarity we suddenly become aware that there are German spies about. There is Mr. Bessing, for instance (the name is almost personal!), who wants Ben to tell him when the Fleet sails and whither it is bound. I was not at all surprised to find that Ben positively declined to discuss details of the kind at all. He had evidently been reading the notices in the railway trains and was On His Guard.

THEN there is a "movie" interlude showing us Gothas starting for London, and after they have fluttered all round the compass like a sparrow that doesn't want to roost on any unhealthy spot, they disappear west by north-west and the curtain rises on the next scene. This is a photographer's studio in Soho, where the spies have gathered with the sinful view of guiding the Gothas to their target. As is usual in such cases, an electric flare is flashed through the skylight regardless of the fact that there might be an inquisitive "Special" in the street below

(POOR BEN! IF HE HAD ONLY READ THE WRITING ON THE WALL)

who might want to know why the sky had suddenly become alight. The next trick shows how a German naval officer was circumvented by a British midshipmite. The German lands, and comes to the house of the leading spy, where a garden party is being held. The German officer climbs over the garden wall, and flatters himself that he is unobserved; but he doesn't know the vigilance of the British Navy. He has been seen. A British officer has taken a mine out to sea and connected its spinal cord, as it were, with an electric button in the summer house, so that when the German is on his way back he is nipped in the bud. There is a loud boom, and—where is he? "Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea," as the poetess says.

Undeterred by the fragmentary fate of the German officer, the spies prepare to play their trump card. They waylay Ben Bartimus in a boozing ken, as Captain Marryat would call it, drug him, and steal his identification disc or whatever it is. (I trust, by the way, that I have made it clear that it is Ben's disc and not Captain Marryat's that is stolen. I don't want any misapprehension about the climax just as we are coming to it so nicely.) A German disguised as a British sailor then goes off and joins the ship in Ben's name. The spy has got a bomb which he means to use to blow up Ben's ship as soon as she has left port. At this point the excitement is intense, and some of the audience look as if they would like to warn the British officer of the kind of hot stuff he has got on board. Ben Bartimus takes a long time to recover from the effects of the drug; and just as he has done so a party of marines arrive and put him under arrest for desertion. But what are a mere party of marines to a British sailor with a mission?

Ben breaks through and makes a dash for the shore; and then a "movie" comes to the rescue and shows him swimming to his ship because he missed the last boat. The excitement grows as the play proceeds. Ben not only saves the ship from being bombed and shows up the horrid German spy, but he subsequently takes part in the greatest scene of the evening. This is, indeed, a triumph of the spectacular. It is the now famous landing at the Mole at Ostend, reduced to proportions small enough for stage purposes. But all the dash and excitement are there, and this wonderful scene is alone worth the price of admission. Mr. Ambrose Manning is the hero of the evening, combining as he does the rollicking Jack Tar and the dutiful sailorman with conspicuous success. Miss Maudie Dunham as Jenny, a sailor's lassie, is a distinct asset to the piece, her songs and dances, to say nothing of her charming presence, adding much to the success of the evening. Jingle

The Broken Image

By THE OLD GUARD

TRAGIC indeed, masters, is the way of the pasteboard Cæsar, whose word but yesterday might have stood against the world. For long years he had borne himself as a White Knight in shining armour, ready in the hour of peril to lead his squires and serfs to victory, or to die with them in defeat. And when that hour struck, sounding the crack of doom for him and his, the rightful place for such a knight was in the heart of the *mêlée* with his back to the wall; and when the sword of a lost cause had been finally struck from his sterile grasp, its edge should have borne at least one telltale notch to proclaim a foeman's dirge. But, alas! for the tinsel splendour of the zany that would be king. In the stern hour that called for a hero, the proud William of Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, German Emperor, Lord of the Central Empires and Admiral of the Atlantic, elected to crawl under the bed.

IT is the rightful English way to honour the foe beaten and disarmed on the field; but what shall be said of a poor creature who, having no longer any that will listen to his hymns of hate or his splutterings of spite, whines aloud that the guilt that has blackened the skies of all humanity is none of his? Of a truth we can but take the varlet at his word, since the crime under which the world has groaned and bled must have been the work of one who was at least a man; and William of Hohenzollern has shown us that he is not of the breed. History may well betray to us that his effulgent majesty was due but to a cunning trick of the costumier's art; while his war-like antics were but the fanciful prancings of a puppet in bolder hands. Let the fellow have it as he will—he is either great fool or great rogue; and the world is too well stocked with both afflictions to need to concern itself overmuch with the preservation of even so rare a specimen as he.

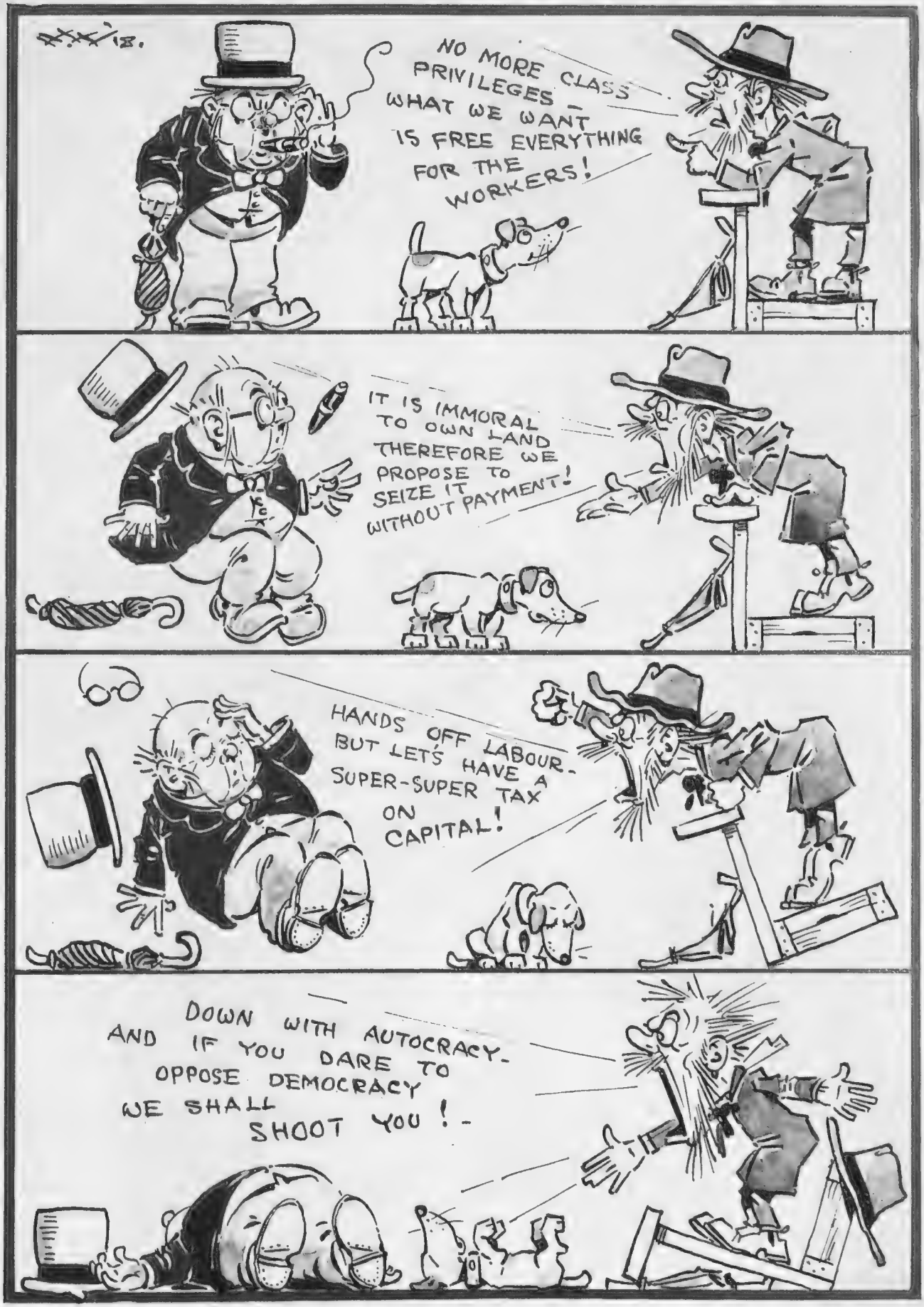
IN the days of his adversity the War Lord of Europe presents to us an image that would move us to pity if the blood of our brothers did not cry to us so loudly from the ground. Shorn of the divinity that hedges kings, he is left but poor indeed. Well may we believe that they who pulled the strings by which he danced have flung him aside, since the purple and gold, by virtue of which alone he stood among them as king, has been got at by the moth. 'Tis not hard to believe that they who moulded the imperial clay for their own ends should have played upon the vanity of so mean a thing until he came to believe their homage real, and justly due to one so great as he. And when they took him up into a high place and showed him the kingdoms of the earth that should be his would he but do their bidding, what could such a strutting peacock do but nod his head and say them yea? And now that the Night of Spurs has come and gone again, and they that chaffered for universal dominion with the thrones of kings and the lives of men have been scattered to their burrows, the forsaken creature for whom they have no further use is crying aloud in his fear and anguish that he was ever the very Prince of Peace.

MICROBE PHOTOGRAPHY: JOY

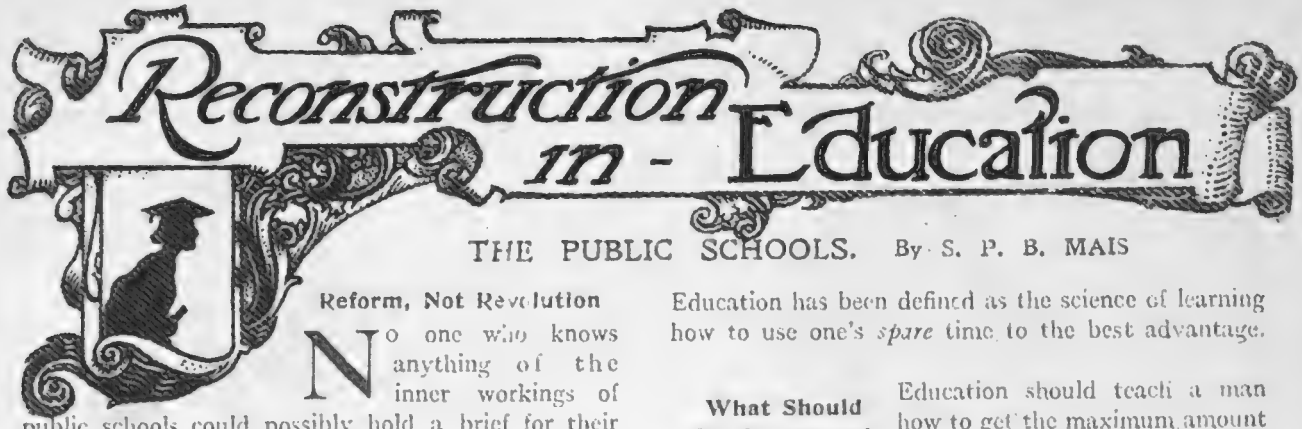
[Our optimistic artist has been "seeing things" very, very far ahead. Must have been armisticing.—Ed.]

'TIS even said that this sadly broken man spends his days in writing, for the peace of his soul, the story of his fall from grace, as if that shall avail him aught in the day of wrath, when he is called to the bar of outraged mankind to make answer for the grievous sin that is laid to his charge. He that was erstwhile the haughty Hohenzollern, answerable to none but heaven for that which he might say or do, is now, it seems, minded to turn King's Evidence in order to save his sorry hide. Let the noble and generous Allies grant him but a safe conduct to the lair he has in view, and he will blow the gaff handsomely and peach on his pals. Shade of Charley Bates! in all the story of the world did ever so little a man presume to the name and state of King?

Electioneering Notes



GASSED!



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By S. P. B. MAIS

Reform, Not Revolution

No one who knows anything of the inner workings of public schools could possibly hold a brief for their extinction. We have been told that they have ceased to justify their existence. They have done nothing of the kind. You might just as well say that the Church and sports don't justify their existence on the ground that there is crying need for reform in both. There is also need for reform in the public schools. To argue that the public school boy is incapable of improvement because he made an almost ideal fighting officer is about as foolish as to suppose because the inhabitants of Poplar or the Walworth Road made excellent N.C.O.'s and private soldiers that the housing conditions in the slums are adequate. There are a few things that must be changed in the schools, but only a few. The first, and by far the most important, is the attitude towards work. School tradition opposes most vehemently the taking of form work seriously. It is just possible that this is the reaction of a healthy stomach refusing unpalatable food, for in the past we have taught the wrong subjects in the wrong way. This led to the wholly immoral and artificial incentive of rewards and punishments.

What Should be Compulsory

The difficulty is, that though we now strive to allow boys to follow their own bent or bias, the tradition which opposes mental energy of all kinds still lives. Games are exalted out of all proportion to their usefulness. Boys who excel in them are raised to posts of responsibility for which they are quite unfitted, and the whole tone of a school is thereby lowered. There are some of us who think it far more of a disgrace that a boy of seventeen should be unable to spell "battalion," or fail to look up a connection in "Bradshaw," or allow himself to be cheated in a fruiterer's, than that he should drop a catch at cricket or fail to tackle his opponent at football. It never strikes the average boy that there is anything disgraceful in being unable to hold his own in a drawing-room or railway-carriage conversation, but his inability to make runs depresses him so much that he frequently makes himself ill through brooding over his lack of success. Compulsory games are a necessity for boys and should be occasions of thorough enjoyment, but compulsory hard work is even more of a necessity—quite as much an occasion of enjoyment. By work I don't mean merely the classics, mathematics, science, and modern languages—I mean a training in civics, elocution, music, acting, handicraft, debating, art, poetry, and the thousand and one things that occupy the healthy man's leisure. Education has been defined as the science of learning how to use one's *spare* time to the best advantage.

What Should be Encouraged

Education should teach a man how to get the maximum amount of energy out of himself, how to develop his latent potentialities so that he can use all his talents in the service of his fellow men. To bring this about there must also be a training in the social amenities. A boy does not become effeminate through mixing with girls any more than through reading poetry in spite of what tradition says. Extremists cry out for co-education to remedy moral ills—an impracticable solution and unnecessary: the mischief would be eradicated by an expansion of the social side of school life. Boys should be encouraged to dance, to dine in houses where they will meet girls of their own age, in order to cure them of their gaucherie, to foster friendships, and to remove the veil of mystery in which each sex is shrouded in the eyes of the other. The type we are in duty bound to endeavour to produce will have to be finer, on the average, than its predecessors. It is impossible to improve on the best type of public school boy: Charles Lister, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, "Twiggy" Anderson, Julian Grenfell—these names will live as long as the country they died to preserve; but we must level up the average, and the only people who can raise it are the masters.

The Cause

Heroically, ungrudgingly, conscientiously, have the older public schoolmasters worked to keep their beloved sanctuaries above water in the most adverse circumstances. Our only chance of breaking down the evil traditions, of building up our new race of A 1 citizens, lies in enticing the finer spirits who have fought to come and join in this fray. We must have men of fearless convictions, broad sympathies, a belief in the value of education. And what is the cause? It is the smashing of a tradition which regards the word "Philistine" as a term of endearment and "intellect" as something evil, not to be trusted. The cause is the endeavour to turn out boys of eighteen who shall be interested in the art of living, who will be able to read (say) this copy of THE BYSTANDER from cover to cover without finding allusions that they are unable to follow and hundreds of words the meanings of which are incomprehensible to them. The cause means the fostering of a love of the beautiful and a hatred of the ugly, of the invincibility of energy and the treacherous beastliness of slackness; it means the teaching of the parable of the talents so that a young man shall not only learn to love nobility, honour, and truth in others, but shall strive so to express himself that England shall be the finer for his having lived.

Reconstruction

Resuscitating a Thames steamer after its long rest during the war

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

Hunger and Luxury in Sweden

BY THE BYSTANDER IN STOCKHOLM

HAVING seen Christiania in the throes (and throws—but few eggs fly at a shilling each) of a general election, the world-wandering Bystander reached Stockholm, metropolis of "Thou Old, Thou Free" (Du Gamla, Du Fria) Sweden; and began to study the arts of hunger and luxury. "Thou Old, Thou Free" has now three well-defined classes. There are (1) millionaire-millionaires, mostly "goulasch barons," who made their piles out of war-deals; (2) millionaire hodmen and carpenters; and, wedged painfully between, there is (3) a hungry, thin-nosed, tight-belted, dicky-wearing middle class. Pro-Germans, as some are, they show a fortitude in starvation which compels the Stockholm Bystander's respect.

The cost of living in "Thou Old, Thou Free" beats anything on earth. True, in misty Norway prices are a trifle higher; but in Norway, if you pay through the nose, you get things; and here, in "Thou Old, Thou Free," you pay through the nose (ears and eyes) and get nothing. On arriving, the forewarned Bystander in Stockholm made for a second-class hotel, where a very handsome and erect gentleman invited him to pay 36*s.* for a second-class single room, and next morning the Bystander in Stockholm paid 11*s.* for two cups of surrogate coffee, plus one thimbleful of milk, plus two lumps of yellow sugar, plus three slices of butterless rye-bread.

Yes, the stoicism of Swedes (not millionaire-millionaire Swedes or millionaire-hodmen Swedes) exacts respect. Prices, according to the official index, are just two and a half times what they were in heedless 1914; but the index is a liar. Some prices are twenty-fold higher. Butter costs 25*s.* a kilo; tea costs 200*s.* a pound; a "penny bottle" of ink costs 1*s.* 9*d.*; and £4 is asked for carting your baggage from one suburb to another. Yet, wealth is piling up. Bank deposits have four-folded; the Riksbank note circulation (all *good* money, backed by gold) has risen 190 per cent.; the goulasch-baron war-millionaires throng every restaurant; pretty girls (respectable except on Saturdays) dance at Pinet's hall and drink champagne at £3 10*s.*; and other pretty girls parade in sables and chinchillas on the Strand-way; and make promenades and—eyes.

But hodmen and carpenters are in clover. Newspaper type-setters are making their cool £800 a year. Before the war they waxed fat on £175. Bricklayers get six crowns an hour, which is 60*s.* a day; and, allowing for Sundays, £900 a year. But the classes with "fixed" incomes! Editors on £400 borrow from their comps on £800. A Minister in Premier Eden's Cabinet, unless he is Foreign Minister, gets £600; and a colonel gets £400. And a colonel's silvery uniform (none of your drab khaki in "Thou Old, Thou Free") costs £70. And a post-office clerk gets £100. With butter, as I said, at 25*s.*! Luckily, you can't get it. Everything's rationed—including even money; for the Minister of Finance, in a last bold attempt to stop inflation and the emission of Riksbank notes, has drafted a law forbidding, without the consent of the Crown, any company to raise more capital than 100,000 crowns.

Yes, the middle class! They starve. The extraordinary session of the Riksdag, which met in October, has been chiefly busied making "dear-time doles" to officers and officials; and the thrifty nation gives its hungry colonels, say, an extra £20 a year; and its hungry Ministers, say, an extra £10, which is enough to pay for one leg of a pair of imported German nettle-fibre cloth breeches—"made in

(Continued on page 539)

WITH THE TROOPS IN ITALY [*Official photograph*

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy and the Prince of Piedmont in re-occupied Italian territory

THE FLOWING TIDE OF PELMANISM

10,000 Enrolments in a Month

THE coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" is, in effect, the national watchword of the day. Thousands who have hitherto been prevented from taking it up are now hastening to begin their study of Pelmanism, which, during the strenuous war years, has proved of such enormous help to business and professional success.

Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*, one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position: to increase efficiency, to economise time and work; to develop more ability; to broaden experience and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit, the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 *per cent.*, 200 *per cent.*, *and even* 300 *per cent. increase of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanism.*

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to everyone to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

SALARY DOUBLED IN 3 MONTHS

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by *results*. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded—benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

Worth a Hundred Times the Price

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

"Results are Wonderful."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly *no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is*. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through 2 *lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:

"I admit having read your announcements for some 10 years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the 'Times.' . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values.

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training I have said, and shall continue to say: 'Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay.'"

Such a letter from a business man surely shows that Pelmanism is at least as good as—if not better than—its claims. And that is the opinion of many students. The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published, but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism very fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

Consider these Points.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, *and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."*

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, may be obtained gratis and post free, by any reader of THE BYSTANDER *who applies to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, *Market Street, Melbourne*; 15, *Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*

NOTE—These Pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are sometimes serious.

THE HYMNS AND ERRS OF LOVE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"The Hidden Hand"

AGES ago, in the first days of war, an elderly non-combatant Hun revealed his soul in some doggerel called the "Hymn of Hate."

The venom of his spleen was too much for his digestion, and he spat it forth to the immense pleasure of his kind and age.

His "Hymn" became famous, but even in the ghastly trenches Youth laughed at it and derided it.

Since that day, throughout the tortured world, literature, art, and beauty, the clean and lovely things of Life and Love, have been cast aside and mocked at, while the old men, in their love for Youth, gleefully croak their hymns of hate, and will croak until death mercifully relieves us of their presence.

But Youth takes comfort in the certain knowledge that the universal Nature, merciful, but inexorable, silent, but inevitable, will put a term to the tyranny of the aged.

The Day will come when there will be a shortage of Old Man Power.

Civilisation has collapsed as a result of rulings founded on Hate, dictated by the Aged, the Impotent, the Sterile, the Unwise. Youth will discard all the doctrines of its decadent fathers and build the new world on the foundations of Love.

And should elderly philosophers and cynics deem that the ruling of Youth by Love will lack in force, let us demand of them what they have achieved by the force of their rule of Hate.

Women loathe them.

The old and discredited generation who now rule the earth will be eternally damned by history as responsible for dragging a world of beauty to the depths of ugliness, ghastly in its uniformity.

By individuality the Artist mind makes the world beautiful, and achieves deathlessness.

Youth and Love are individual. By individuality Youth becomes great, by uniformity is made a clod.

The passion of Age is the weakness to Hate; the passion of Youth is the power of Love.

Whatever we covet we strive to annex. But the cravings of age are not the desires of Youth. The annexations of Age are sordid, of the earth. The annexations of Youth are Beauty, Love, and the wonderful joys of Life.

The Aged dream of annexing the earth; they whose proper annexation is but 6 feet of it! The whole world awaits passionately its annexation by Youth, who knows no boundaries.

Joy is within ourselves and Love finds its habitation only in the soul of Youth, where it can live in wonderful dreams, creating new and beautiful ideals.

In Love's battles the wounds are borne with joy, because Love is worth all pain and suffering.

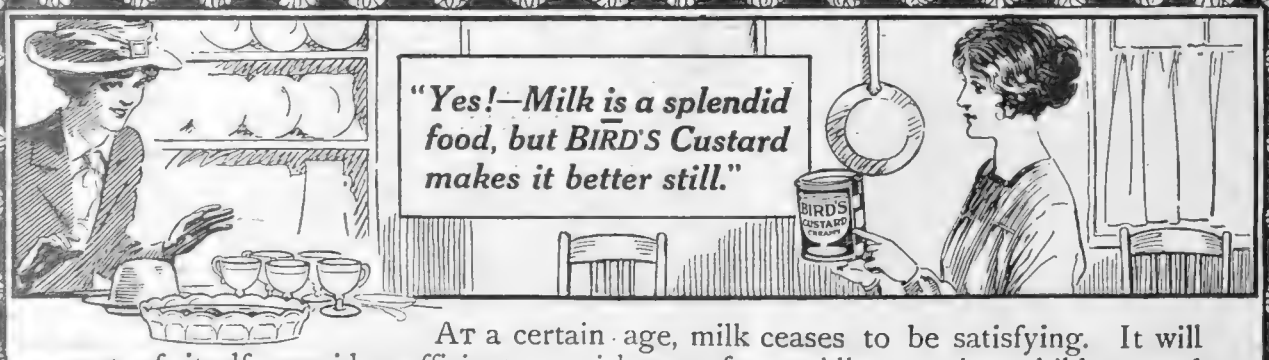
And the battles are fought because Love is catholic; like the knight errant of old he wears his lady's favours on his casque, and now the favour is of the Roses, now of the Lilies, now of the Passion Flowers, and now of the Silken Rags of Life.

But these lists are not for the Aged, for the Adventurous soul is dead in them, and barren of joy, through rheumy eyes they stare at the tournament of Love and seek to warm their palsied hands at the fires of Hate.

And Love laughs.

London will welcome the return of Youth. The West End Restaurants are very ugly, and on account of the Young Man shortage are filled with podgy Bureaucrats with arrogant airs and vulgar Profiteers with atrocious manners. Their obesity is suggestive of illicit meat coupons.

All this has apparently nothing whatever to do with Pope and Bradley, who, without preying upon them by profiteering, continue to clothe Youth, who are the Men of England.



AT a certain age, milk ceases to be satisfying. It will not of itself provide sufficient nourishment for rapidly growing children and working adults.

Bird's Custard is far better than milk alone. By its aid you can add instantly 25% to the nourishment of the milk. *It is no longer a thin liquid but a thick creamy satisfying dish containing a wealth of body-building nutriment.*

In these War times nourishment in food comes before all. Therefore serve Bird's Custard always with boiled rice or steamed puddings—for children it makes a treat of these plain dishes.

An eminent scientist says :—

"the enrichment of milk by Bird's Custard raises the calorific and nutritive value from 400 to 500, which is a very high achievement."

Bird's Nutritious Custard

C2994

England." And there are paper—not paper-fibre, but plain paper—ladies' nighties and dividies in shop-windows. And Stockholm starves—that is, its solid middle class—all except its "goulasch barons," who are now gambling in peace stocks, and its millionaire workmen.

Pro-German as much of Stockholm is (though less so than formerly), the Bystander in Sweden can't help admiring it. It is the new Sparta. In the streets are colonels, parsons, retired police-chiefs, State pensioners, whose incomes have not increased ten per cent. since war broke out, but who look as smart as ever. They pinch; they live on Government rations, and get thin; but they keep up appearances. Half the blonde girls in chinchillas on the Strandvagen, who make promenades—and eyes—have hunger gnawing in their tender tummies; but they make eyes all the same. Would you, if your father were a mere general, not a bricklayer, and if your daily ration were 250 grams of brown-black rye bread, and if you hadn't seen butter for a year because it costs £1 5s.?

The Bystander in Stockholm is himself sometimes a bit hungry. Every morning early, after bolting his rye-bread, and asking his landlady "Do you think there will be butter next month?" he bitterly reproaches his parents for not having trained him to the honest, well-fed profession of bricklayer—to the dishonest, well-drunk profession of "goulasch" war-millionaire.

The Bystander in Paris

"LA CITÉ DES ALLIÉS." Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IT is more than one week since I have seen the first man who has appeared to the opera in an evening dress, and now this so brave pioneer has his conquest. The Republic again allows that the messieurs may wear the "smoking" and the evening coat, and that the ladies may once more have the dresses *décolletées*.

WHEN this so important announcement has been made Lucile and I have wished so much to feel how it was like again to wear the low neck and we have hunted out again our dresses of before the war. It was like to put on a fancy dress to wear them again, and when Edouard our cousin and M. Ménétrier, his friend, have come after dinner to take a coffee we have both had a feeling to be very cold and a little too soon with our fashion of four years ago.

IT was like when the King George has come and they have taken away the sacks of sand which have protected the "Marseillaise" of the great sculptor Rude on the wall of the Arc de Triomphe, when the Gothas and the Bertha had their season. We have gone again to see it one day, but it was so long that it has been hidden that I have had the idea that perhaps they had made it too much uncovered. But when I have said my thought to Lucile she has replied: "How you become quite English, *ma petite*."

WHEN your king was come it was very amusing how all the world has tried to be English and to cry "Live the King! Live the Prince of Wales!" But there was one in the crowd where we have stood who has said: "What is it, this 'Live the King'?" and when one has explained he has replied: "*Eh bien!* I also I will say 'Live the King Georges'; but *à bas tous les autres rois* all the same."

"One must be quite old and the wife of some stupid député"

"The ladies may once more have the dresses décolletées"

I HAVE had such jealousy of Marguerite, my English friend, because she has had so much honour when the King was come. You will know how the Prince of Wales and his brother are gone to the Leave Club to visit the soldiers and to take their tea. Marguerite has worked there very hard, and so one has asked her that she should be presented to the nice boys, and they have talked with her, and she has given to the Prince of Wales two pieces of sugar for his tea.

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

IN France one must be quite old and the wife of some stupid *député* to have so great honour, and though Marguerite is very pretty, *surtout* when she has the dress of an *infirmière*, we have thought how that perhaps the English princes would have liked very well to make for friends some nice French girls, and Lucile, who has the idea to be a Royalist, has said how it was so sad that there were not princesses of France whom they might marry.

SINCE they have come, your King and his sons, how everything has begun again to be much more gay. I think it was because the King has smiled so happy to the people who have climbed up on the Boche cannon to see him drive past. We begin now to believe that it is quite truly finished this war we have won.

ALL our city has become again so brilliant with the thousands of little lamps on the great buildings. Every week there is a new excitement of those who come to visit M. le Président, and already it is that so many delegates are arriving who are to make the peace. One cannot escape that every day one sees a Minister or so well decorated officers of the Allies, and at our parties it is never that we are all French.

BUT it is all the same *embêtant* to be so rich of very important Allies. One has for consequence that there is not in Paris one hotel which is not altogether full tight. Edouard has told us how so great a lord was arrived at an hotel without to have commanded before his room. How Monsieur the Majordome was desolated. There was *aucun place*, not even the bed of a *garçon*. He has torn his hair. But it was quite impossible that he should put so great a lord to the door.

"*TIENS!*" he has thought, "there is the cellar which we have made beautiful like a palace for the guests who had a nervousness in the raids." There was so much dusting of the furniture, which was of the Empire, and then the great lord was given his so beautiful suite below the ground. When he has discovered he has wished to leave, but the *majordome* was the master. "*Cherchez*, milord," he has said "*cherchez*, there is not in Paris so elegant a suite as that of our *cave* and *on dit*, milord, that even there is not a suite at all."

"Surtout when she has the dress of an infirmière"

IT is very interesting. When one takes one's walk one makes the tour of the world so much quicker than the traveller of M. Jules Verne. At the Etoile and in the Place de la Concorde one is quite in the United States, but the Place Vendôme it is quite England—so elegant. One sees again there the top hat.

"When her great gosse is returned"

THE Italy and *Belgique* they are *cosmopolite* and one sees them everywhere, but the Boche—ah! it is that which makes one content to have all the others—the Boche, when they come, they must go away into a little corner by themselves, where no one will speak with them except to tell them what they must do.

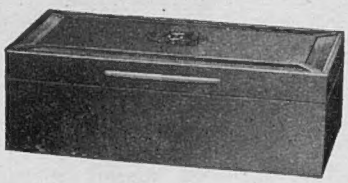
IT is only when one goes to make the turn of the market or to take a taxi-cab that one knows that one is still in France where everyone grumbles because he is quite happy, and when he has so much he wishes again of more. There was, for example, the *concierge* of our neighbour, whose husband goes to return from the front with the old class. When I have said how she must be happy it was so she replied: "*Si, Si, Ma'amselle*, one is content but, *vous savez*, my Pierre is in the old class. It is the young Marie Louise in the *numéro dix* who will be happy when her great *gosse* is returned, because, you know, it is not much when one has twenty years to be married only on the *permission*."

It is so the France.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

JEWELLERS BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.



Cigarette Box in Khaki. Bronze Finish, with Regimental Badge and Ribbon, lined Cedar.
Length 3½ inches £2 7 6
Length 6 inches £3 15 0

Christmas

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have made a great effort to offer Christmas Stocks of the most varied and complete description for the selection of Gifts. Buyers should, however, be warned to make an alternative choice, if possible, in case of short supply, as the demand for advertised articles is expected to be exceptionally large, such shortness of supply would only be the result of War conditions. All articles are of highest quality and the best value.

Selections will be sent for approval, if desired, carriage paid, and at the Company's risk, or a Christmas Catalogue may be had post free on application.

WARNING

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address 112, Regent St., London, W. I.

Charming Solid Silver **Trinket Box**, with Inlaid Tortoiseshell lid, lined Velvet.
Diameter 4 inches £7 5 0

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD. with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Est. 1751

112 Regent Street London W.1.

The Brand that made the Reputation

LA CORONA HAVANA CIGARS

LOOK FOR THIS

Brand on the Box.

This large round brand or trade mark appears on the top of every box of genuine LA CORONA Cigars. It is the registered trade mark under which the Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories Ltd. box their various sizes of LA CORONA Cigars. Look for it and so protect yourself against the many imitations,

Exact size and shape of a LA CORONA *Petit Duc Extra* Cigar. The short smoke of quality.

LA CORONA *Petit Duc Extra*, or the *Petit Duc Extra* size of LA CORONA Cigars, is the baby of the family. It is made with that supreme excellence that distinguishes all LA CORONA productions; from choice Cuban leaf, to ensure a short smoke satisfactory to a LA CORONA smoker.

CAUTION against "PASSING OFF."

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Ltd, (Successors to Alvarez Lopez & Co.), will take immediate proceedings against all persons selling, in response to orders for LA CORONA Cigars or CORONA Cigars, or LA CORONA *Corona* Cigars, or CORONA-*Corona* Cigars any cigars that are not genuine LA CORONA Brand Cigars of the Company's manufacture. Please communicate to me any attempt to pass off other cigars as LA CORONA or CORONA or CORONA-*Corona* cigars.

M. P. TROY,
Dashwood House, 9, New Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

If you have any difficulty in procuring LA CORONA Cigars, and will write me, I will do my best to put you in touch with dealers carrying stock.

British Selling Agent for the following Brands:

LA CORONA
BOCK, CABAÑAS, CAROLINA,
HENRY CLAY, FLOR DE CUBA, J. S. MURIAS
LA ROSA DE SANTIAGO,
MANUEL GARCIA ALONSO,
VILLAR Y VILLAR,
and PEDRO MURIAS.

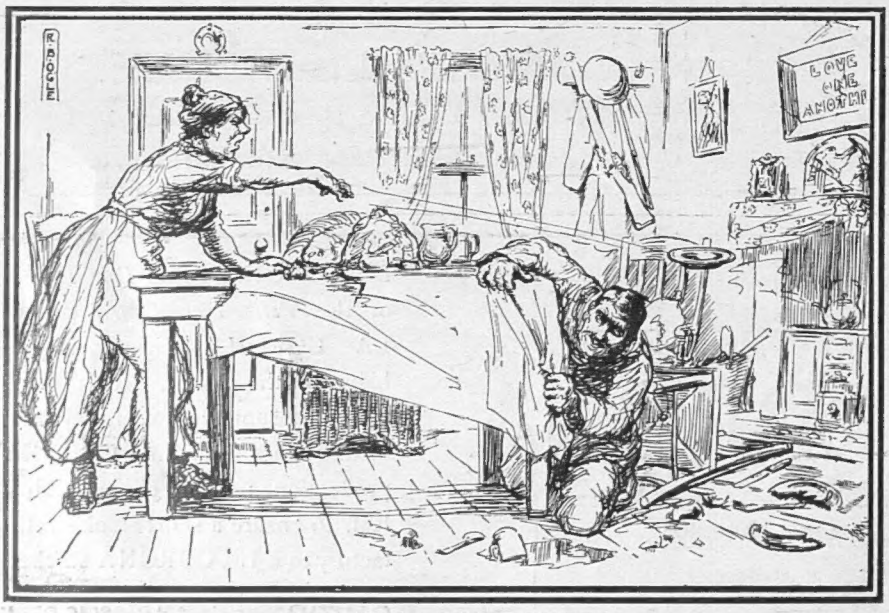
NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Owing to shipping difficulties Cigar Stocks are low. If you have a good stock of LA CORONA Cigars and will advise me, I shall be pleased to refer to you customers who have difficulty in finding them.

BOOKS of the WEEK

The Future Bolshevist

With Mr. Wells concerned with this century rather than the next, other prophets must naturally be allowed their chance. Mr. Victor Rousseau follows a great number of his predecessors in writing of 2000 A.D., or thereabouts, in his romance *The Apostle of the Cylinder* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.* net), and he does not altogether part company with them in his method of travelling in time. His picture of life in the future is not prepossessing. You are shown a sort of scientific Bolshevist world, which makes you glad to feel that you will not be alive to see that year of dis-grace. However, with the help of the Apostle himself and, curiously enough, the young Tsar of the Russias, the democratic (?) reign of terror comes to an end, Christianity is restored, and even defective "morons," such as, I suppose, most of us poor twentieth-century worms are, get their chance. The book is interesting if rather conventionally prophetic. We really shall have to be most tremendously careful during the period of reconstruction!



POST-WAR MANŒUVRES!

THE ARCH-DODGER: "'Taint a bit o' good you're sending over them h'aerial torpedoes, M'ria; hubby's learnt a trick or two since he's been out of 'Blighty'!"

The Very Bad Books

The cheery critic who disguises his quite respectable identity under the pseudonym of Solomon Eagle, has fortunately been persuaded to gather together his fugitive pieces contributed to the *New Statesman*. *Books in General* (Secker: 6*s.* net) is a jolly book full of good things—and bad. The bad are so bad, or good, that you almost wish Solomon in his wisdom had confined himself entirely to them. There are, of course, bad books and bad books. Some like Mrs. Barclay's, for instance, are merely bad enough to obtain large sales, but others are so bad that they deserve to have the wider publicity which Solomon Eagle's admiring mantle can give them; and Solomon has a doughty nose for the incredibly bad. With all his powers of mimicry, he could not himself write anything really bad (because you would see through him if he tried), but he can pick up bad books with the unerring instinct of the collector—and discourse right merrily on their demerits. Which is not to say, by the way, that *Books in General* deals solely with the literary bad. It deals with what it says it deals with, and as Solomon's pen is witty and wise, you are in for a treat. A real treat, mind you. So buy it.

Shops and Houses

Probably the great novel of the war—for years we shall continue to talk about such a work as likely to be soon appearing—will have as its motif the blending of the classes. Mr. Frank Swinnerton in his *Shops and Houses* (Methuen: 7*s.* net.) deals with this problem in a manner which compels your admiration. His Beckwith is a perfectly horrible suburb, peopled by "respectable" demons of both sexes. And when the new grocer turns out to be own cousin to the "first family" in the town, you can imagine how the tea-drinking brutes enjoy themselves and what trouble they cause. Little towns in England can be almost Prussian in their methods, and with an almost uncanny power Mr. Swinnerton shows these methods at work. Well, if Beckwith be respectable, Beckwith must go, and may I be there to give the odious Miss Lampe her *congé*. (They tell me that my language can be awful at times). On the other hand, *Shops and Houses* is obviously pre-war, and Miss Lampe may already have been snuffed out. But I don't believe she has—or ever will.

A Fine Reprint

I can think of no more acceptable present than the finely-produced reprint of Mr. Max Beerbohm's story *The Happy Hypocrite* (Lane: 21*s.* net). It is really rather a triumph to have produced the book in these hard times. Max modestly explains that the reprint has been made solely for Mr. George Sherringham's illustrations. These are quite delightful; but so is Max's story. Of course you remember it. Equally of course, being Max's, it demands a regular course of re-reading.

R. S.

A batch of business letters—
a settling down to your desk
—a really strenuous afternoon
—a welcome tinkle of teacups
—a damsel with a tray—a
sitting back with a sigh of
relief—

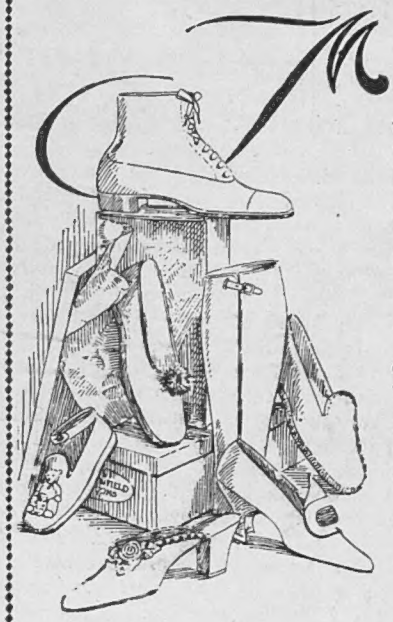
and after that— a pipe of Bond of Union.

The busier you are the more you appreciate Bond of Union. It is such a cool, steady, mellow, satisfying tobacco. It never interrupts your work by burning your tongue. It never gets on your nerves or tires your brain. Keep a tin in your office-desk and never let your pouch get empty. Mild, 11d. oz.; Medium and Full, 10½d. oz.

THE COOL SMOKE

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4/2 per lb., duty free. ***Minimum order ½ lb.*** *Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lb. and 1/4 up to 4 lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.*

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL.



Manfield's ask you to consider how rare and precious a thing is a pair of GOOD SHOES and whether anything better can be chosen as a present

Christmas 1918

Manfield & SONS

LONDON: 228 & 229 Piccadilly, W.1 125 New Bond St., W.1 376 & 377 Strand, W.C.2 59 & 60 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4 67 & 68 Cheapside, E.C.2 24 & 25 Poultry, E.C.2, &c.
And in all large Towns. Factory at Northampton.

By Appointment to *H.M Queen Alexandra*

CHAMOIS LEATHER GARMENTS.

Messrs. TURNBULL & ASSER beg to advise their customers that stocks of Chamois Leather are even lower than last year, and recommend clients to make their purchases of Jackets, Pants, Drawers, Socks, etc., at the earliest possible moment to avoid disappointment.

JACKETS

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight and can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement.

Price—

Unlined **50/-**
Lined (Union Flannel) ... **55/-**
Chamois Leather Waistcoats, lined Fleece, **45/-**

When ordering, please state chest measurement.

DRAWERS

Ensure perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garments for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the autumn and winter.

Price 42/-

Pants—Price 45/-

When ordering, please state waist measurement.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet "For Active Service."

TURNBULL & ASSER, 71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W. 1.
Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK London." Telephone: GERRARD 4628.

A Motor Note

During the past week I have had the opportunity of visiting the works of the Siddeley-Deasy Motor Company, Ltd., Coventry, and those of Rolls-Royce at Derby, both of whom during the war have been making aero-engines, and are now reverting to their *raison d'être*, the manufacture of motor cars, as soon as possible. My impressions reminded me of the old nigger yarn of a Southern banker whose scanty locks drove him into the habit of wearing his hat in the bank during business hours as a protection from flies in warm weather, and from cold breezes in winter. Every week a negro employé of the bank presented a cheque and drew his wages. One day as he was putting the dollar notes into an old and greasy wallet, the banker chanced to pass by and said: "Look here, Pete, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?" "Well, sah," replied Pete, leaning towards the banker, and gazing at the Panama hat he wore, "I'se always afeared, you see, sah, you look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

***

Well, both these firms are ready to start "somewheres" as soon as they have finished the aeroplane engines on order and build cars, but the change-over must be gradual, so as not to displace any labour and give time while the materials required for the car programme are delivered. Until one visits works engaged on aero-engines it is difficult to realise the vast number of workpeople required and the extensive space necessary for what, in these days of big figures, sounds but a moderate output. At the Siddeley-Deasy works on Armistice Day there were roughly 6,000 hands, of whom 1,000 were women and 500 boys, working in shops that cover 19 acres, producing 200 engines per week. The types of engines were the R.A.F.4. of 180 h.p., for reconnaissance work, the Siddeley Puma of 350 h.p., and the Siddeley Tiger of 650 h.p. When the Air Board asked the firm to start on this work in December, 1914, five or six engines per week were expected from them, although the firm offered to produce 20 per week, so it needs few words to demonstrate that the 200 engines per week that were being produced finally was a great achievement. Mr. Siddeley, in describing how this was effected, claimed the supremacy of 'quantity production of intricate engineering above any other branch of such work, and justly so.

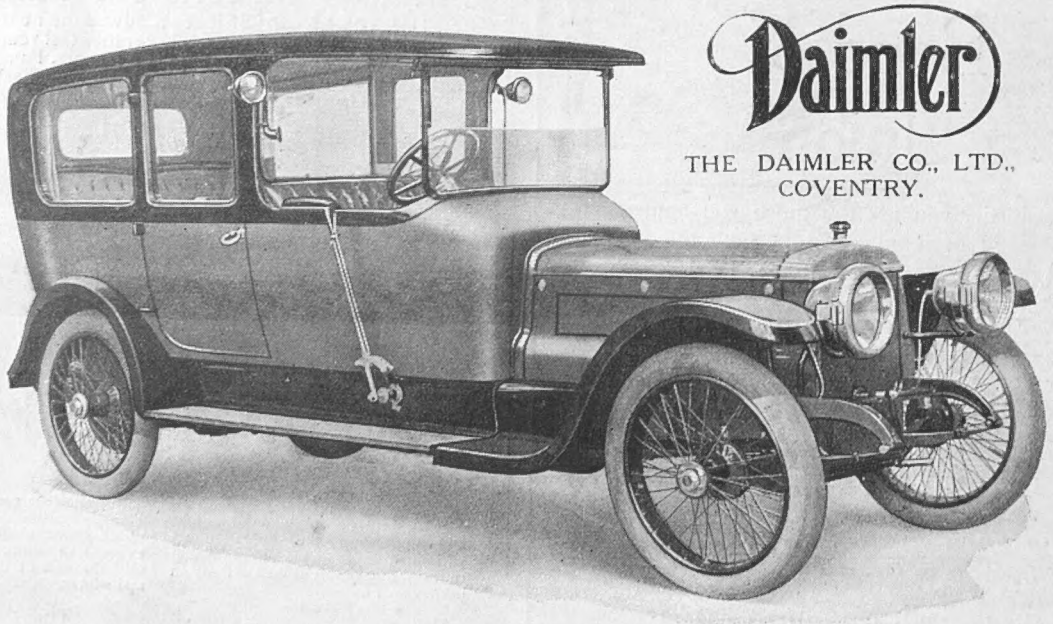
***

As every air pilot throughout the world knows the Rolls-Royce Falcon engine, it pleased me muchly to view this string of the power kite produced. When first I saw the Falcon at the beginning of 1915, or thereabouts, it only developed 180 h.p. Without increasing the cylinder capacity one iota, but by improving details in its construction, this engine increased its power bit by bit until to-day it develops 260 h.p. It has downed many a Hun fitted in the Bristol fighter, and the boys who fly 'em say: "That's the stuff to gi' 'em."

Old Hy.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. Claudel Hobson Carburetters are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

A brilliant start to your post-war car will be to fit the C.A.V. Geared Electric Starter with the pinion that engages Slowly, Silently, and Surely.—C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.



Daimler

THE DAIMLER CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

The Representative British Car